I'LL BE DAMNED #2: JULY 1970 ISSUE - 35¢

Mark Feldman-Editor
Mark Feldman-Associate Editor


Page 4 - FIGMENT: Written and illustrated by Tom Sutton. First of five chapters which will appear in future issues of IBD. If this strip confuses you wait until next issue and then you'll really be confused.

Page 9 - BREAK-OUT: Written and illustrated by Donald Wrightson. If this strip doesn't make sense to you then just forget it! Unless you're an R.O. fanatic (who isn't?) you won't understand it.

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Kenneth Smith
27 January 1970
NEST EGG

This is your life, Rob. It's a pleasant life it is. You've made your fortune, importing miraculous gems whose ever-shifting rainbow hues take the breath of all who behold them.

"Where did you get them?" so many ask, and no one knows. Yes, Rob, where did you get them?

Oh, Rob, it's so wonderful! It's like a dream!

Yeah, ain't it though?

Later that evening...

Tee hee! I can't get over the way that lady with all the furs kept coming by our table.

Yeah!

You don't talk about it much, but you think about it a lot, don't you, Rob? Of course you do.

I'll let Betty Lou wear it tomorrow.
I'm really glad we landed someplace where we can walk!

You had stopped to rest a bit, when...

Look at these gems! They're the most beautiful I've ever seen!

Abruptly, what had appeared to be part of the ground...

Shoot it, Rob! Hurry!

Eeyahhh!

It's so easy to "miss"! Hmmmm!

Rob! Quick! Uhhhhnnn....

They'll never check this spare air tank! I'll be the richest man on Earth!
You're as green as your money in many areas, Rob. You really should avoid the likes of Colin Cartwheel, especially with spirits about...

Well, I've got just enough left for one expedition! I must find more of those stones!

I had just better find those things that's all!

And this time I'm setting aside a fat little nest egg, yes sir!
SECOND! I KNEW I'D GET THE SECOND MOON MISSION! 'WHEN??

GOTTA STOP THINKING ABOUT THAT, WESTON OL' BOY...

GOTTA SET UP THESE SURVEY INSTRUMENTS...

HARD TO GET USED TO WORKING UP HERE...

...WATCH MY STEP...

EYES MUST BE ACTING UP... THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING...
ELAPSED TIME: 3 DAYS, 6 HOURS, 32 MIN.

STILL CAN'T RAISE HIM!
TRY THE UHF INTERLOCK!

ROGER!
CLICK!
BERT! LUNA BASE TWO CALLING... BERT!

NO SCOPE PICK-UP ON HIS DIRECTION FINDER!

BERT! WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU??!

IT'S NO GO, SKIP,
WE'VE LOST HIM!

WHAT'S GOING ON UP THERE? HOUSTON...
WE'VE LOST WESTON.

LUNA BASE
THIS IS HOUSTON...

ELAPSED TIME: 8 DAYS,
11 HOURS, 55 MIN.

CAN'T JUST LEAVE!
DAMN IT, MAN!
WESTON'S OUT THERE!

GOTTA BE BY THIS TIME,
TIME'S RUN OUT FOR
ALL OF US, STRAP IN!

DEAD JOE...
BURT!

OVER HERE, BURT... NO, YOU'RE NOT HEARING THINGS. I'M REAL ENOUGH.

YOU AIN'T EXACTLY MY IDEA OF AN OBJECT OF BEAUTY EITHER!

YOU'D BETTER GET USED TO ME, BURTY BOY. WE'RE CHUMS FROM NOW ON!

I'M MAX! I'M YOUR... YOUR COMPANION... SORT OF.

WESTON. YOUR THOUGHTS ARE PURE PANIC RIDDEN DRivel!

... I GAVE YOU THE AIR PILLS AND... WHEN YOU BUMMED INTO THAT CRATER YOU BASHED IN YOUR OXYGEN SYSTEM. I FOUND YOU THERE...
C'MON WESTON, PILGRIM'S WAITING, THERE'S SOMEBODY WHO WANTS TO MEET YOU!
LOOSE THE SHACKLES OF EARTH'S GRAVITY.
THE THUNDEROUS MIND NUMBING ROCKET ENGINES STOP—QUIET!

INTENSE STILLNESS...

FALLING THROUGH SPACE AT THOUSANDS OF MILES PER SECOND...
FREE!

FLUNG OUT INTO THE SWIRLING GAS AND SILVER DUSTED STAR FIELDS OF THE GALAXIES...

STAR SYSTEMS STRUNG LIKE DIAMONDS...

...CONSTANTLY ACCELERATING...
AWAY...
AWAY...

...FREE OF EARTH... FREE
OF BEING ANDY THE MUTE...
ANDY THE DUMBY! FREE
TO LIVE WITHOUT... WITHOUT
THEM! TO BE... TO BE
REALLY ALIVE
AWAY FROM THIS TIRED SICK PRISON THIS EARTH!

GOTTA GIT SOME (HIC!)
RESHT... DAMN WINE'S
KILLIN' ME (HIC!)

WHAT THE HELL!
GET OUTTA HERE KID!

TO BE CONT'D...
GOOD LORD!! THAT WAS FREDDY AGAIN!

WHY CAN'T THEY JUST LET US REST IN PEACE?

NO MATTER WHERE WE GO, SOMEBODY ALWAYS MANAGES TO DIG US UP!!
THE FANTASTIC SPIDERWORT

THE FOLLOWING ARE ALL RESPONSIBLE, IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER FOR THIS ABORTION:

JIM MILLER • U.S. ARMY, FORCES • PETE BARTELS
RAYANO SCHOOL • JEANNIE PARKS • RAY PREISS
SNAKE DAKIN • RICHARD HOLTZ • HENRY PLAININ
MARK FELDMAN • QUASIMODO • P.T. BARNUM

BUT, AS OUR HERO REACHES THE SCENE OF THE CRIME HE FINDS . . .

NOTHING . . .

HOWEVER, UPON CLOSER INSPECTION THE ALLEY FLOOR YIELDS A WEALTH OF CLUES WHICH SPIDERWORT IS QUICK TO COMPILE INTO A FULL-LENGTH NOVEL . . . .

ARE YOU READY FOR THIS . . . .
ONE BURKE-MASSON AUTO-
MATIC PUMP RIFLE, ONE.22
HANDGUN, ONE MONKEY WRENCH
COVERED WITH BLOOD, ONE BLOOD
STAINED NYLON STOCKING, ONE CASE OF
HANDGRENADES, TEN CRATES OF
X-66 DEATH GAS, ONE SMALL HORSE,
AND A CHINESE LAUNDROY . . . .

A SCREAM! WHO DARES TO MAKE THE CHAMPION OF JUSTICE THIS WAY?!

A 12 THOUSAND TON THERMO-KNUCLEAR BOMB SET TO DETONATE IN 18½ MINUTES . . . .

IT IS OF COURSE, MY DUTY TO ALERT MY FRIEND, POLICE COMMISSIONER SMUTT OF THIS SITUATION . . .

LUCKILY, THE SPIDERMOBILE WAS PARKED CONVENIENTLY NEAR THE BOMB TO ALLOW ME QUICK TRANSPORTATION TO THE STATION . . .

HOWEVER, AS OUR HERO SWITCHES THE IGNITION ON . . .

THE 18 MILLION HORSPOWER ENGINE SPEDS HIM ON HIS WAY . . . .

AFTER CAREFUL ANALYSIS OF THE OVER 4,000 CLUES, SPIDERWORT DETERMINES THAT ONLY ONE HAS ANY RELATION TO THE CRIME . . . .

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE — HOPEFULLY! CAN YOU STAND THE SUSPENSE?